

Mr Conrad 331

Chapter 331-After Stella drove for a while, the rain started to fall heavily, with raindrops constantly beating against the windscreen in front of her.

She didn't often drive, and because of the heavy rain and traffic jams, she drove a little more slowly. By the time she reached the house of the Steward family, an hour had passed.

As the car slowly drove into the house of the Steward family through the front gate, Stella thought that if Clarence hadn't let her drive the car, she might have had to become wet in the rain to walk through the road today.

When she stopped the car in front of the main house, a maid immediately came over with an umbrella and shouted, "Ms. Radomil."

Stella smiled, "Thank you."

The maid didn't answer her and silently retreated again.

From the way she walked from the door to the stairs, Stella could feel that the attitude portrayed by the maids in the Steward family towards her had changed a lot.

Although it could not be said they were treating her much better, they would greet her now, unlike ignoring her when she reached there in the morning.

Stella did not know if Phoebe and Charles were away or had already gone back to their rooms. When she entered the bedroom, she found that the things she had put on the table seemed to have been moved.

She pursed her lips and checked carefully to make sure everything was still intact before she locked the door and went into the bathroom.

It seemed that she wasn't the only one who wanted to come to the house of the Steward family to investigate things this time. The members of the Steward family were also investigating her.

After taking a shower, Stella came out and started flipping through the context related to the designer competition.

After she read for a while, her phone rang. It was Sherry calling her.

Stella picked up the phone, "Sherry, what's wrong?"

Sherry said, "Nothing. I'm packing up my things. I want to rest for a while and ask you how you're doing over there."

"Not too bad." Stella paused for a while and added, "Are you packing up so early?"

"Yes, you may not believe me. I met Daniel in the lift again when I came back this afternoon. I suddenly understand the doomed love between you and Mr. Conrad that you can meet him everywhere you go. I have contacted the moving company. I'm moving out early in the morning tomorrow. I really can't stay here at all!"

The corner of Stella's mouth twitched and she didn't know what to say. Only after a while did she say, "Ask the people from the moving company to send two more people to move my things over there as well. I'll come over to get them once I have settled the things here."

Sherry was puzzled, "Hadn't you moved all your things away?"

Stella displayed a puzzled look as she didn't understand Sherry's words.

"Mr. Conrad sent someone here to move your things away. He just left not long ago. I thought you asked him to come."

Stella was speechless.

She thought that the wretched man really kept the secret well as he didn't tell her anything about that at all!

Sherry asked tentatively, "He wouldn't have secretly moved away your things without telling you, would he?"

Stella laughed dryly, "Forget it, just go to his place and move away my things again."

"Don't you plan to live with him?"

"I will decide it later."

She knew that one might develop a bad relationship with his or her close friend when they lived together. If she lived with Clarence, she would be pissed off at him before she could wait for the day she died of old age.

It seemed that as long as they lived together, it wouldn't be easy as it was now. They would inevitably face some problems she didn't want to face.

Sherry talked to Stella for a while before hanging up the phone and continuing to pack her things.

She had just finished packing a paper box when the doorbell rang.

Thinking it was the takeaway she had bought that had arrived, Sherry immediately ran over to open the door. However, after opening the door, she saw it was actually the man she didn't want to meet standing outside.

Daniel keenly caught the emotion on her face, turning from displaying a joyful look to a cold look and lastly to a numb look.

Daniel displayed a puzzled look.

Sherry thought that she would move out anyway. It would be better if she didn't make Emmett ashamed so she still could maintain a friendly relationship with her. She smiled faintly, "What's the matter?"

Daniel coughed, "Can you return... the umbrella I lent you last time to me? It's raining outside and I want to go out."

When she heard this, Sherry was silent for a while, "I seem to have forgotten to take the umbrella here. It is left at my home. You can take mine to use it."

Before she finished her words, Sherry took an umbrella from the side of the shoe cabinet and gave it to him.

Daniel took it but didn't leave immediately.

Sherry said, "Is there anything else?"

"That umbrella..." Daniel displayed a gloomy look, "Is a relic that my mother left to me. Can you bring it to me the next time you go home?"

Sherry was stunned, "What?"

Daniel showed a sad look as he continued, "The umbrella was one of the last things my mother used before she died. I've carried it with me wherever I've gone over the years. Of course, I don't mean to rush you, but if you remember, please bring it back for me. But if you forget to do so, it's also okay. My mother has passed away for a long time and perhaps it is time for me to let go of her."

Sherry was stunned hearing her words.

However, Daniel was a man who couldn't be trusted. He had even said something like he believed in Buddha. She thought that he could also do other hilarious things.

Sherry tried her best to distinguish the emotions on his face, trying to confirm whether what he said was true or not.

But the sad look displayed by Daniel did not look like he was lying.

Oh shit!

Sherry laughed dryly, "Since this umbrella is so important to you. How about this. I'll call my mother later and ask her if she's seen it. Then, I will ask her to send it to me. I will make sure it won't be damaged in any way when she brings it here."

Daniel nodded his head gently, "Thanks a lot."

"You are welcome. It's my responsibility."

After closing the door, Sherry let out a long breath. Then, she went into her bedroom to change her shirt. She looked around and closed the door extremely gently before quickly running into the lift.

She drove all the way to the airport and went to the lost and found to ask the staff if they had found an umbrella in the dustbin the other day.

The staff said, "It's all here. Look for it and see if you've lost it."

Sherry thanked her. However, after looking back and forth several times, there was no umbrella that Daniel had given her.

Sherry stood still, feeling that she was in trouble for a moment.

She shouldn't be so impulsive at that moment. Even he was a bastard who played with her, she was the one who approached him in the first place anyway.

In any case, Daniel had kindly lent her the umbrella. It was his mother's relic, and she shouldn't throw it away.

On the way back, Sherry was a little distracted the whole time as she was blaming herself.

When she arrived downstairs, Sherry parked her car and walked down the basement. She was lost in thought.

After entering the lift, she suddenly saw the umbrella held by the person next to her was almost identical to the one Daniel had lent her earlier.

Sherry was delighted and she wondered if surprises really came by accident.

She really didn't expect there was such a fate.

Sherry spoke politely, "Hello, can I buy this umbrella from you. It's a relic of my friend's mother. I..."

She shouldn't be so impulsive at that moment. Even he was a bastard who played with her, she was the one who approached him in the first place anyway. In any case, Daniel had kindly lent her the umbrella. It was his mother's relic, and she shouldn't throw it away. On the way back, Sherry was a little distracted the whole time as she was blaming herself. When she arrived downstairs, Sherry parked her car and walked down the basement. She was lost in thought. After entering the lift, she suddenly saw the umbrella held by the person next to her was almost identical to the one Daniel had lent her earlier. Sherry was delighted and she wondered if surprises really came by accident. She really didn't expect there was such a fate. Sherry spoke politely, "Hello, can I buy this umbrella from you. It's a relic of my friend's mother. I..."

Chapter 332-The man looked at the umbrella in his hand and then looked at her, displaying a puzzled expression.

Sherry knew that such feelings were not so easy to understand if he wasn't the one who experienced the matter. She said urgently again, "Please, I really need this umbrella. Sell it to me. Just name a price. I can pay as much as you want."

The man handed her the umbrella directly, "There are many umbrellas like this in the convenience store downstairs which are only sold at ten dollars. I can just give it to you if you need it."

Sherry was speechless.

The corner of her mouth twitched, "You mean the umbrella that you are holding is sold at ten Yuan in the supermarket downstairs?"

"Yes, there was an event some time ago. If you spend more than 200 Yuan in the supermarket, you can get it for free."

Sherry felt very awkward.

After a few seconds, she pressed the button to the ground floor with an expressionless look.

The man asked, "Beauty, don't you want this umbrella?"

Sherry gritted her teeth while saying, "No, thanks."

After leaving the lift, Sherry rushed straight to the convenience store.

After confirming the umbrella was the only one they sold and it had only arrived two weeks before, Sherry bought all the umbrellas of this style.

In the room, Daniel was playing the piano when he heard the doorbell ringing suddenly.

He opened the door and saw Sherry standing in the doorway with an umbrella in his hand.

Daniel said, "Why are you..."

Sherry smiled faintly, "Didn't you say that this umbrella was your mother's relic and it was important to you. I thought I shouldn't let you wait for so long. So, I asked my mother to send it here."

Daniel probably didn't expect her to do that at all and he was stunned before saying, "It's not that urgent..."

"That's what I should do." Sherry handed him the umbrella, "See if this is the one."

Daniel took the umbrella from her. He knew that she had known the truth but he forced himself to act like it was the one, "Yes, this is the one. My mother has left the mark on it when she used it. I could recognize it easily." He said, and then looked at Sherry, "I really thank your mother for bringing this umbrella here in person. Can I greet her..."

"No need." Sherry pulled the bag behind her out and shook out many umbrellas in front of him, "Your mother would probably be very pleased to know that she has such a filial son as you."

Daniel didn't know what to say.

Leaving the bag there, Sherry turned around and went to open the door.

Daniel stepped forward and held her wrist. He smiled at her and said, "Sorry, I was just joking with you."

Sherry shook his hand off and said with an expressionless look, "A joke is only considered as a joke if both parties find it funny. You are playing around with me over and over again."

After Sherry finished her words, she pulled the door open directly and went in without looking back.

Daniel was about to say something else when the door was slammed hard in front of him with a "bang" sound.

He rubbed his nose and looked at the umbrellas scattered around his feet. He looked very embarrassed.

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It had been raining all night. When Stella woke up, it was still drizzling outside.

She thought that she could not sleep all night in this new place. However, for some reason, she felt a rare sense of peace of mind even though she was facing a crisis around her.

Even though she didn't remember anything in the past, she had lived here for a few years after all.

After washing up, Stella changed her clothes and went downstairs.

In the dining room, Charles and Phoebe were having breakfast. When she saw Stella, Phoebe displayed a pale expression as her hands were clutching the cutlery as if she wanted to cut Stella's body in half like the food on her plate.

Charles treated Stella with a good attitude, "Stella, do you want to have breakfast together?"

Stella was surprised as he never called her like this.

Stella smiled faintly, "Thank you, but no need. I still have something to do. I'll leave first."

Just as she turned to leave, Phoebe slammed her cutlery hard on the table, making a loud noise.

Stella ignored her, not knowing why she was making trouble again.

When she arrived at the studio, Stella bought her breakfast. When she entered the studio, she saw several young girls huddled together. They were discussing something excitedly. When they saw Stella, they quickly dispersed.

Stella felt it was a little strange, but she didn't ask anything and went into the office.

She had just sat down and started to eat her breakfast when Sherry rushed over with a newspaper, "Stella!!!"

Stella said, "Aren't you moving things in your new house in the morning? Why are you here?"

Sherry said, "That's not important. I will move my things later. Look at this!"

As she said that, she placed the newspaper in front of Stella and exclaimed, "That's so astonishing! I can't believe that Clarence, the wretched man is so flirtatious!"

Stella didn't quite understand what she was saying. She looked at the newspaper and the soy milk in her mouth almost spurted out.

"Breaking News! The CEO of the Conrad Group Kissed with a Mysterious Woman Lovingly in the Rain! They Looked Like They Would Not Leave Each Other!"

Stella choked on the soy milk and coughed for a while. She coughed so hard that she thought that she might be about to die.

While patting Stella's back to make her breath smoother, Sherry analyzed the photo published in the newspaper, "Professionally speaking, the angle and clarity of this shot is very good. It just happens to capture the two of you on the side. The photo could be considered as art if it didn't bring up steamy affairs."

Stella was choked and her face blushed. After she managed to relax, she couldn't help but ask, "Where did this photo come from?"

"You still don't know? The news is being spread everywhere. Oh yes, not only in the newspaper. It becomes a trending topic when it was released. It attracts more attention than the official announcement of the new drama acted by Winnie. Clarence is so famous in the public and even can be compared with the well-known young artists in our country"

Stella looked at the newspaper and didn't say anything for a long time. It was only after a while that she said something as she tried to argue, "What's this? Which unscrupulous news publisher is reporting this kind of nonsense! It was raining, but it was only drizzling at that moment. The rainwater dried as soon as the wind blew, so how did it become a loving kiss in the rain?"

After saying that, Stella clenched her fist. She was very angry, "It says that we are kissing lovingly, we ... we just kiss for a while. How can it be considered as kissing lovingly!"

Sherry patted her shoulder to comfort her, displaying a look as if she understood Stella's feeling, "Compared to that time, it wasn't loving either."

Stella was speechless.

She fell her head on the table and whimpered sadly as she felt ashamed to meet other people.

Sherry looked at it again for a while and vaguely felt that something was wrong, "Eh Stella, do you feel that this photo is too clear? It does not look like a photo taken secretly at all. This title also mentions Conrad Group. Isn't the publisher afraid of losing his job?"

Stella became energetic hearing her words but she wasn't able to think carefully as she was annoyed with the news, "Ah?"

Sherry knew what was going on but she didn't tell Stella directly. She taunted her and said, "No, no. I was just babbling. However, this seems to be the first time that the wretched man has been published in the public. Tsk, it really is the era in which people are attracted by beautiful people. A bunch of little girls has already gone to the official account of Conrad Group in Weibo to leave their comments, saying that Clarence is their husbands."

Chapter 333-In the large conference room of the Conrad Group, a group of senior executives were discussing how they should respond to Clarence's affair.

The group of people debated fiercely while the person in question was sitting in his seat, reading the newspaper in his hand, with a tinge of satisfaction showing in his eyes.

Just when the crowd in the conference room was at a standstill, Clarence put down the newspaper and said indifferently, "What's there to respond to? Who's there being in love without kissing? Is it even worth arguing about?"

The crowd was speechless.

This was not a question of whether to fall in love or not. This was clearly...

Wait a minute, being in love?

When did he chase someone?

Clarence leaned back in his chair, crossing his legs, "It's the right time to take this opportunity to issue a statement and tell the outside world that I already have a girlfriend, and don't disturb me again. Anyone who isn't afraid to carry the reputation of being a mistress who destroys someone's relationship, feel free to come to the Conrad Group."

The crowd took a deep breath. Mr. Conrad's move was too ruthless. This was simply to challenge Master Conrad blatantly.

Everyone in the Conrad Group knew that Master Conrad had been arranging blind dates for Mr. Conrad every day recently. All those female celebrities were lining up to go to the Conrad Group. If this statement was sent out, who could still be so reckless to come over?

Even if there were one or two unbelievers who wanted to come and try it out, Mr. Conrad would not let them go so quickly, according to what he meant. They were most likely to be filmed and put on the internet to experience social death.

Although this was a fundamental solution to the blind date, it was a blatant offence to the bigwigs in City N.

This was probably something that only Mr. Conrad could have done.

Clarence glanced over the crowd with different expressions, and his tone was unhurried, "The one at home is strict and get jealous easily."

Immediately afterwards, he added, "Is there anything else? If not, the meeting is adjourned."

At the Conrad family, Dempsey had been shaking with anger since he saw the newspaper. And now that he had received the news from the Conrad Group, he could barely catch his breath and cursed, "This rebellious child!"

On the other hand, Joanna was sitting next to him, as cold as ever.

She said, "If Clarence had been so obedient, he wouldn't be in the current situation."

Dempsey frowned fiercely, "Stop throwing out chaffing remarks at such timing. You knew clearly what you have done. If Stella is really Charles's daughter, the first person she will take revenge on is you!"

At these words, Joanna laughed out loud, "A person who grew up in a slum cannot hide her cheapness, even if she is gilded and dressed in glamorous clothes. I'm waiting for her to retaliate against me and see what she's capable of."

After saying that, Joanna got up and went straight back to her bedroom.

A servant followed behind her, whispering something.

Dempsey looked at this scene with an even more displeased expression. He was losing his rights to speak in this family now. Both Clarence and Joanna had looked down upon him!

Although the Perez family was no longer a threat, Joanna still had other powers in her hands. Dempsey could only rely on her to deal with Clarence.

Dempsey stood with his cane. His face was cold and sullen, wrinkling his eyebrows in thought as if he was calculating someone.

Meanwhile, once the Conrad Group's statement was issued on the internet, it caused an uproar.

Many people, who had come for Clarence's beauty, were still confused and unaware of the truth.

"Holy shit, how come my new husband is in love? This world is so messy. It's just for fun. Don't take it too seriously!"

"Oh my God! Unexpectedly, this is actually a prelude of announcing a relationship. It's really worthy of being Mr. Conrad; he's rich, handsome and powerful. Not like some stars who still cover up their relationships."

"Who's his girlfriend? A celebrity? Or is she a young lady from a certain family? She looks pretty."

"Those who know nothing about Mr. Conrad's love affair, you can go through the statement issued by the Conrad Group's official Weibo previously. That time they said that he was in pursuit of her, didn't expect they are together now. Way to go, Mr. Conrad."

"Boohoo, I just went to see his girlfriend's picture. She's really gorgeous, having a good shape, and also talented. Mr. Conrad, you wretched man, why did you want to divorce in the first place? Living with such a beautiful girl, I'll even slap myself for arguing with her!"

"Such a perfect match. By the way, when will they remarry?"

"I'll transfer money online when they remarry!"

Stella would never have imagined that the studio's official Weibo had actually increased by more than 100,000 fans after all of these. All of them were aiming at her, asking when she would launch her own Weibo account.

As the studio hadn't set up an online sales channel, even more people came to check-in.

But none of them saw Stella.

This was because Stella had gone to help Sherry move.

As things came to this point, coupled with the attitude of the Conrad Group's side was already evident, she was sure enough to suspect that Clarence was the one who let someone take the photos.

Sherry and Stella had been living here for several months, and their things were not too few.

In line with the principle of not wasting anything, Sherry took everything away.

The two movers took the heavy ones downstairs first, while Stella and Sherry pushed a suitcase each and waited for the next lift.

Stella looked back, "Have you finished taking everything?"

Sherry said, "I think that's all. The landlord said she was out of town for the next two days and would come back in a couple of days to take possession of the room."

Stella nodded. After living in a place for a long time, it was inevitable to have feelings, not to mention the memories.

At this moment, the door next door suddenly opened.

The lift also just happened to stop in front of them.

Sherry quickly pulled Stella into the lift, "Go, go, go!"

Sherry finally let out a sigh of relief, watching the lift doors close slowly.

However, other people in the lift heard the footsteps outside and kindly held the door open.

Sherry was speechless.

Daniel was standing at the lift door and paused for a few seconds before entering and greeting them, "Ms. Radomil."

Stella still didn't know what had happened last night. She smiled at him and nodded gently.

Sherry just stood at the side quietly, not even wanting to be polite with him.

Daniel also had the sense not to say anything and just stood there quietly.

Stella felt that the two of them seemed a bit odd. They would say hello no matter what before. What happened?

The situation became even more awkward as the lift slowly descended.

After the lift reached the ground floor, Sherry pulled the suitcase in one hand and held Stella walking out with a sour look.

They had just walked a few steps when Daniel's voice came from behind, calling out to Sherry.

Chapter 334-Sherry ignored him, dragging Stella away with a gloomy face.

Seeing this, Daniel could only slow down and stop where he was.

After leaving the neighbourhood, Stella asked, "Did... something else happen to you guys again?"

Sherry sneered and told Stella the whole story about the umbrella.

Stella was voiceless.

After a long silence, she was surprisingly wholly at a loss for what to say.

Sherry said, "I've already think that he has a problem in his head. I think he is deliberately targeting me. Seriously, didn't I just be nice to him a few times when he just moved over here? He actually holds a grudge until now. What's wrong with him?"

Stella said tentatively, "What if he was just making conversation? He probably didn't really expect you to go to the airport to look for the umbrella."

"That would be even more repulsive! You said he was pursuing Phoebe, so what was he trying to talk to me? Does he think I'm the kind of person who comes and goes when called upon? Although this is something flexible depending on facial attractiveness, but it's just not like him."

Stella touched her eyebrows as she said with a gasp.

After walking to the car and putting the luggage inside, Sherry calmed down, "Forget it, I won't bother with him. Anyway, after today, we definitely won't have the chance to meet in this lifetime."

Based on her own experience, Stella actually wanted to say that the sooner you declared something, the faster you had to eat your words.

Typically, the more you didn't want to see someone, the more you would see them.

Putting away her luggage, Sherry told the movers to just follow her car.

She set off humming along happily.

Sherry's new house wasn't much further away as the studio was just nearby, just a twenty-minute drive. But to avoid Daniel, with the studio as the centre, the two were entirely in the opposite direction.

By the time they finished moving, it was already off-hours, and Stella went straight back to the Steward family.

Since yesterday's lesson, she kept her essential things with her before she left. The stuff on her desk looked haphazardly arranged, but there was her own pattern placing it.

She could definitely tell if her things were moved.

When Stella got back and had a look, everything was normal.

She took out a mini spy camera from her bag that she specially bought today and placed it in the corner, just enough to record the whole room.

This device could be connected to her mobile phone and controlled remotely so that she would be able to know precisely who had entered her room and what they had done.

After Stella finished everything, she saw her mobile phone was vibrating at the bedside when she just came out of the shower.

On the screen was Clarence's name.

Stella sat on the edge of her bed and slowly answered it, "It's so late already, Mr. Conrad. Can I help you?"

Clarence said, "What are you doing?"

"I'm on a date."

Clarence said, "What?"

He was unhappy, "Where? With whom?"

Stella leaned back on the bed, flipping through a magazine, and said lazily, "With a young handsome man. Why would I tell you where I am?"

Clarence asked, "How young is he?"

Hearing the wretched man's ridiculous words, Stella recalled the rollover accident last time. Her words stuck in her mouth for a while before she replied, "Younger than you anyway."

"You think I'm too old?"

"No way, Mr. Conrad. You're so charming and many young girls want to call you their husband..."

Clarence interrupted her, "Jealous again?"

Stella was speechless.

She wasn't easily envious of others, but just to annoy him!

Clarence laughed, "I only have one wife."

Stella didn't expect Clarence to say something that made sense on a rare occasion. She curled her lips and asked after a moment, "About the news, did you find someone to do that?"

After the incident, Stella also figured out that it was probably because the Conrad family had been arranging blind dates for Clarence, annoying him so much. So, he came up with such a plan to get rid of it once and for all.

Clarence said, "The photo looks nice. If you like it, I can give you the original one."

“No thanks.”

The photo that was taken at the Yue Lao Temple before was still left at her studio.

After a pause, Stella asked again, “Are you still at the Conrad Tower?”

Clarence responded with a hum, “There’s a lot to do recently.”

“Then...” Stella wanted to say something, but she took it back. She would just hold it until they were done busy.

She said, “Then go ahead and get busy. I’ll go to sleep.”

Clarence said, “Is that all?”

Stella was puzzled, “Or else what?”

“There are so many girls that call me husband, aren’t you calling too?”

Stella was silent for two seconds before hanging up the phone straight away. This wretched man was so shameless!

...

During the three days of staying at the Steward family, no matter it was Charles or Stella, both sides remained in harmony on the surface, but something was hidden behind it.

Stella had already identified Charles's study and bedroom location, while Charles had been secretly investigating Stella's past, trying to find out who was behind her or to find evidence to prove that all her claims were false.

Just as both sides were secretly battling it out, the Young Designers' Contest started as scheduled.

After arriving at the venue, Stella took her seat according to the organizer's arrangement. Many people immediately came over to greet her as she was already famous in China.

Stella saw Modesty from afar through the crowd.

After all, this was a designers' competition. It was not surprising that she had come to participate.

Soon, the opening ceremony officially began.

The person in charge of the competition first greeted everyone in English before cutting to the chase and introducing the competition rules without delay.

After he had finished, the interpreter came forward and gave a second introduction to the rules in Chinese.

The competition was divided into three rounds, the preliminary round, the semi-finals, and the grand finale.

The preliminary round was open to all, and the organizers would assign a unified theme the day before the competition started.

Out of the many designers who entered the competition, only ten were able to enter the semi-finals.

Once in the semi-finals, the organizers would give ten topics based on each participant's strengths and specialized styles. Then, these ten participants would have to draw lots to determine their own topic.

And it was highly likely that they would draw the one they were not good at.

For this time, only three designers would make it to the grand finale.

This year's grand finale was different from previous years in that no topic would be given.

It was up to the designers to use their own keen intuition to find out the hidden topic in these rounds and complete their works on the spot. The organizers would also announce the results right away.

Once this rule was in place, the crowd of participating designers on stage, apart from the judges, were all abuzz. Even if they were not happy with the arrangement of the competition, they had no other choice.

The competition was challenging, and they could tell that the organizers had raised the bar.

Chapter 335-Apart from testing the sensitivity of a designer, it also tested observational skills and attention to details.

This meant the platform provided after the competition was much better.

Stella looked around and she met another pair of eyes suddenly.

'...'

"Why are you here?" She whispered.

Clarence rested his arm behind her chair and raised his eyebrows. "Did I not tell you that the Conrad Group is the main sponsor of this contest?"

That wretched man did it calculatedly.

And the presenter's voice was heard from the stage.

They changed the rules suddenly and invited a few wealthy ladies from City N as the judges. Their points would be counted into ten per cent of the overall points for each contestant.

These ladies were surrounded by jewellery since young, they each had a high standard for jewellery.

Stella looked in the direction of the presenter's and smiled.

Great, she felt that this newly added rule was a barricade to her because she saw Phoebe and Aurora amongst the line ups of the wealthy ladies.

A window was opened for her but shut all the other ways out.

It was quite adventurous.

Clearance followed her sight and knew her worries. "Your designs are acknowledged by the organizer. That is why they sent you an invitation. Even if they lower your marks intentionally, it will not affect you much, on top of that, I'm here."

Stella remained smiling, "Why do you think they will intentionally lower my marks?"

Clarence said casually, "They are jealous of your beauty."

Stella, "..."

That wretched man was a master in the art of thick-skinned.

The first round was set on two days later, and the theme would be announced tomorrow night.

A small cocktail party was held after the announcement of rules. Most of the designers were busy greeting the judges, trying to make a good impression.

All the judges were well-known people in the jewellery field, even if they lost the competition, at least they made an impression or received a contact.

It was all about profit gained behind all these greetings.

Stella wanted to leave right away but considering that she was invited by the organizer, she stayed and went forward to thank them.

The person in charge of the contest representing the organizer was Louis. He was in a conversation with other judges when Stella approached him.

Stella stopped and without waiting for her to initiate the greeting, Louis came forward and greeted her in English. "You are Ms. Radomil, right? You look as gorgeous as in the photo."

Stella didn't expect him to remember her, she smiled and replied in English. "Thank you for inviting me over for this contest, it's my pleasure."

"Not a problem." Louis said while looking at the man behind. "If Mr. Conrad hadn't shown me your designs, I would have missed the chance to meet a talented and creative designer like you. I'm looking forward to your works."

Louis said while nodded at Clarence.

Stella looked over and saw him raising his eyebrows at her.

After a brief chat with Louis, Stella pulled Clarence aside and asked. "Are you the reason for my invitation to this contest?"

Clarence took two glasses of champagne and handed her a glass. "I've only shown him your designs, he was the one who decided to invite you."

Stella knew that even the wretched man didn't express it, but he felt guilty for her loss in the new designer's contest last time.

Otherwise, he wouldn't make excuses and provide support to her while she was still in SG Jewellery. Although everyone including her thought he did it for Vivian.

Stella thought for a while and asked, "Could this be the third gift for our anniversary?"

Clarence smiled lightly and took a sip of the champagne. "How possible?"

He paused, looked at Stella and said seductively, "Looking forward to it?"

Stella felt uneasy being stared at, she immediately avoided and let out a cough, "No... I'm just curious."

That wretched man said he wanted to get her all three gifts for their anniversary.

He had given her a gift for the first and second year but the third one hadn't arrived.

"No hurry, I'm still preparing it, it's a gift that you'll like," Clarence said.

Stella doubted, "Are you sure?"

Clarence leaned towards her and whispered in her ear.

Stella blushed in an instant and covered his lips with her hands, "Shut up!"

The wretched man behaved improperly in the public!

Clarence's lips lifted and kissed her hand.

Stella blushed even harder and immediately pulled back her hand, her arm felt numb.

At this moment, Stanford came with a glass of alcohol in his hand, "Mr. Conrad, Ms. Radomil."

Since Stella left SG Jewellery, she had not met Stanford for quite some time, she waved and smiled, "Mr. Leif."

Clarence was upset with her smile.

She smiled the same way when she saw Horace, Emmett, Stanford and the others.

But she had never smile like that to him.

Clarence stood in front of Stella and blocked his vision without letting him speak.

Stanford, "?"

Stella noticed his action and moved aside while putting the champagne glass on the table. She continued chatting with Stanford.

That wretched man was so narrow-hearted. He claimed that she was always jealous but he was the biggest jealous person in the world.

Clarence pressed his lips slightly to show his dissatisfaction.

In the meantime, Nathan approached. "Mr. Conrad, Louis invited you over to discuss the arrangement after the contest."

Clarence replied by a nod, looked at Stella and said, "Wait for me here."

Stanford's face stiffened once he left. "Do you know that Modesty is in this contest too?"

Stella nodded lightly, "I saw her just now."

Stanford lowered his voice, "I've just found out about that, and one of the judges is her teacher."

Chapter 336-Although Modesty claimed that she resigned from SG Jewellery, but everyone knew what she did.

However, Stella gave up the lawsuit and didn't seek further actions. While SG was merciful enough as it didn't reveal the truth to the public.

Modesty remained silent for a while after leaving SG.

But judging by her background, she might use dirty tricks in this contest.

Stella pressed her lips hearing that, "I'll pay more attention to that."

Stanford was here to remind her and he left after a brief conversation.

Stella stood there and looked at the time, why hadn't that wretched man come back?

While she wanted to wait for him outside, the person they were talking about just now approached.

That despicable looked on Modesty disappeared but was still not friendly. "Finally we meet in a contest. I'll show you how a true designer looks like. Unlike someone whose achievements were the results of networks behind." Modesty said.

Stella knew there was nothing good when she approached.

Stella smiled. "That's great. I on the other hand will show you the standard of a true winner."

Modesty's face stiffened slightly.

Despite wanted so much to deny, but it was an unchangeable fact that she went to Paris as Stella's replacement.

"Sounds too arrogant."

A man behind said sarcastically.

Stella turned and saw a mixed-race middle-aged man wearing glasses with a golden frame.

Modesty lowered her head seeing him.

It seemed like he was her teacher.

Robert swept a glance at Stella, "Are you Ms. Radomil? I've seen your designs, even though it was pretty creative, but there are plenty of creative designers in this world, one should know the value of being humble."

Stella replied casually, "It depends on whom I'm speaking with, why should one be humble in front of a disrespectful opponent?"

"Did you mean I don't deserve your respect too?"

“You are a senior in the design world, of course, I should respect you. But don’t you think you should behave more respectfully?”

They were already on bad terms anyway; Stella didn’t care to offend them now.

Even if she chose to be silent, they won’t let her go easily anyway.

She disregarded their response and walked away right after.

Robert looked at Stella’s back and frowned. “How did you lose to such a person, what have I taught you over the three years? Trash?”

“Sir you saw it, she came with Mr. Conrad, I...” Modesty replied lightly.

Robert said, “This is an open and fair contest, she can’t do whatever she wants or wins with power behind. Rest assured, the champion is yours.”

Robert then threw her a glance and scolded, “Don’t embarrass me anymore!”

Modesty clenched her teeth and fists, “I won’t.”

Stella stood at the platform outside the venue to call Clarence when she heard him from behind. “Didn’t I ask you to wait for me inside?”

Stella kept her mobile away, “I need to go back to the studio.”

“Let me drive you,” Clarence replied.

It was a few days ago since they last met each other, so Stella didn’t reject. “What about my car?”

Clarence threw a glance at Nathan and he immediately said, "Ms. Radomil, please give me your car key."

A lovey-dovey game.

Stella noticed that they weren't heading back to the studio. She turned to him, "Where are we going?"

"Lunch."

Stella pressed her lips. That wretched man skipped lunch again.

"Are you busy with work lately?" She asked.

"It's fine," Clarence replied.

"Why didn't you have lunch then?"

"Nothing is as good as your cooking, so I don't like them."

Stella, "..."

She blushed and asked, "Are you taking any... class lately?"

"What?" Clarence confused.

"You know... class that teaches how to utter sweet words." Stella paused and continued, "If yes, please cancel it and save your money, or I can buy you two bottle of lubricant."

Clarence, "..."

...

After lunch, Clarence sent Stella back to her studio and left.

He was busy at work, and that was why he didn't come to see her for the past few days.

Even though the wretched man left, Stella was no better, she paid off her compulsive action just now in the car.

Sherry approached and handed over her car key the moment she arrived. "Where did you go on a date? The assistant brought back your car." She teased.

Stella avoided her sight and stuttered, "We... we had lunch, there's no time for date..."

And then she rushed back into her office.

But nothing skipped Sherry's sharp eyes, "Why is your lower lip torn?"

Stella, "..."

Not only the lower lip, but even her upper lip was also in pain too.

That wretched man!

"I accidentally bit on it during lunch. I have two designs to finish before today, I'm going to work on it now." She said and fled.

Stella had no time to think about the contest, she needed to finish her works on her hands before concentrating on the contest.

That night at the Steward, while she was walking upstairs, Charles called. He rarely initiated a conversation, "Stella, Phoebe said you take part in the designer contest."

Stella smelled something fishy with his sudden concern.

She smiled, "Yes."

"I've seen your designs, it will be a sure win for you this time," Charles said.

"Thank you." Stella wanted to move but Charles continued. "If you are free tomorrow, please go somewhere with me."

Without waiting for a reply, he added, "You should go regardless."

A question followed by an order.

Chapter 337-Since their words seemed final, Stella didn't continue rejecting as she said, "Alright."

After a pause, she asked again, "What time tomorrow?"

Charles replied, "Tomorrow morning I will go to the company, and after everything's over, I will go get you. Coincidentally I have never been to your workshop too."

When he mentioned the workshop, Stella's brows slightly knitted.

Was he threatening her?

Charles got up, "This settles it. I will go back to my room now."

Stella lightly nodded and waited for him to disappear out of view before going upstairs.

Even if he wanted to threaten him, she could only navigate things one step at a time.

Charles just didn't have the chance to visit her workshop. It was not like he didn't know the location.

The whole night, Stella found it hard to fall asleep. She didn't know where Charles would bring him, and this brought her a bad feeling.

At eleven in the morning the next day, Charles did what he had promised as he appeared at her workshop.

Stella went out to see him when she heard him saying, "Can I come in and take a look around?"

There was no way she could reject him with the way he was asking for permission.

Stella replied calmly, "It's my honour to have Mr. Steward to be my patron."

Charles marched into the workshop and after a little touring around, he stopped in front of her office, "This is?"

Stella answered, "This is the place I usually do my work."

Charles nodded noncommittally. There was no reason for him to barge in there now.

He looked at his watch and announced, "It's almost time. Let's go now."

Before departing, Stella looked at Sherry to hint that she was going to go out now. Sherry replied her with an OK gesture.

After they left, a few of the girls in the workshop gathered around, “Sherry, who is that person just now? He looks like a rich and elegant man. Could it be that he is Ms. Radomil’s father?”

Sherry pouted, “Maybe he’s just good at pretending.”

“No, wait, I have a feeling that he has been here before.... Wait, no. It’s just that they feel the same, but I can’t exactly remember who it was.”

Sherry turned her attention to that girl and she sounded curious, “They feel the same?”

“That’s right, they really feel like the same person. Their age is similar too. I wonder who that was.”

The girl was still racking her brain but in the end she couldn’t recall that person who felt like Charles and who had also visited their workshop.

However, all Sherry could think about was Stella at the moment, so she didn’t put into heart that girl’s words. She was thinking about her next step.

Just as she was about to fish out her phone and text Clarence, a familiar figure appeared at the workshop.

The girl who was racking her brain immediately widened her eyes. She started to yelp right beside Sherry, “He’s so handsome!”

“What are you talking about? There’s a handsome man here?”

When Sherry looked in the direction of the visitor, the smile on her face immediately vanished.

“...”

Why was this person so unrelenting?

Daniel walked to where Sherry was and coughed a little with his hand perched against his mouth, "Can we talk?"

Sherry didn't know what he was planning to do, and she was annoyed by him pestering her like that. This was a good chance to make things clear once and for all.

She nodded and followed Daniel to outside her workshop. After taking in a deep breath, she began coldly, "Stop looking for me from now on. Yes, I used to like you, but who doesn't like a handsome guy? I was just a little lascivious at that time, and there are some many handsome hunks in this world, it's not like you are the only one I can have. I have woken up from my delusions, and you don't need to keep visiting me anymore and using me as your backup, I am no longer..."

Daniel interrupted her calmly, "Did you misunderstand about something?"

Daniel paused a little before continuing, "I am here to ask about Ms. Radomil."

Sherry tried to maintain her expression, "Oh, right?"

She was caught off guard! Damn it!

Daniel added, "It's about the Designers' Contest. Have she made up her mind about participating?"

Sherry replied, "Isn't that something that's set in stone?"

Daniel kept quiet for a moment before replying, "I got it. I will take my leave now."

Sherry was befuddled.

Was something wrong with his head?

He purposely came in person just to ask something so shallow and straightforward.

Daniel stopped after taking a few steps, "Right, I didn't see Ms. Radomil just now. May I know where is she?"

Sherry's eyelids jumped a little, "She has gone out."

"With who? With Mr. Conrad?"

"She's with the father of your future fiancée. He's seemingly bringing her somewhere."

Upon hearing that, Daniel's face grew stern. He then nodded slightly before fleeing.

Sherry couldn't help clicking her tongue. He had a huge reaction he was trying to hide upon hearing about Phoebe. It seemed that he wasn't lying about coming here to see Stella.

She was thinking too much.

...

The car continued moving forward for a long time before stopping in front of a tombstone.

After Charles had stepped out of the car, his drive immediately produced a stalk of flowers from the boot.

Charles accepted the flower without saying a thing before making his way into the cemetery.

Stella followed him from behind, and she could guess where they were going.

In the end, he stopped in front of a tombstone and bent down to place the flower in front of it, "Since you are claiming that Miranda is your mother, so you should come here to give some prayers."

After hearing that, Stella simply smiled, "Mr. Steward, you're mistaken about that."

Charles turned his gaze at her but there wasn't any changes in his expression, "Oh?"

"I told you before that my mother only passed away after giving birth to my little brother. That means that the one resting in peace here is not my mother, and she has nothing to do with me too."

Charles refuted, "Then where is your mother's grave? According to what you claim, I should go visit her too."

Stella bit her lips without giving a reply.

Previously, Mr. Thomas has asked her the same question, but compared to his sincere concern for her, Charles was just probing her to get something out of her.

Stella didn't know where her mother buried. Besides not having any memories of her mother, she never visited her grave since she was young, seeing that Jeffrey never brought her and Channing to that grave.

It's possible that Jeffrey was the only one in this world who knew where her mother was buried.

Charles could guess that Stella wouldn't be able to answer him, so he continued. "Since you don't know where she is buried, then you should erect a tombstone here for her. It's only natural for you to do that and give your blessings and prayers."

Stella didn't want to think about that. She didn't even know who had taken her mother's place in the car.

If her guess didn't miss the mark and combined with what she learnt from outside sources, Lyndon Steward had purposely backstabbed Charles, but in return his family was destroyed, but in reality it was Lyndon faking his identity as Charles and lived on while her mother had ran way with her in tow.

The person lying underneath this tombstone could possibly be Lyndon's real wife.

She would never give her prayers to a nemesis.

Charles said calmly, "Why, didn't you claim that Miranda is your mother? But now you are reluctant to even give your prayers?"

Chapter 338-Stella suddenly had a hunch that Charles was purposely bringing her here.

He must have two motives for doing this.

The first one was to pry out the location of her mother's grave, and to force her to kneel down in front of his wife like what they were about to do now.

If she didn't agree to do this, he would have reason to brand her as an unfilial daughter, which gave a boost to this argument that she must have a motive for entering the Steward family.

She had to give up on her personal feelings for now, seeing that she should value the bigger picture.

If she wanted to find out more information, she couldn't get herself shunned by the Steward family at this moment.

If she needed to kneel down, she would just do it. It's not the end of the world.

She even addressed Jeffrey as her dad for some time before this too.

Just as Stella was about to kneel down, a sound broke her actions, "Mr. Steward, Ms. Radomil."

Charles and Stella both turned in the direction of the voice.

They never anticipated bumping into William here.

William had a bouquet of flowers in his hand as he flashed a smile, "Are you here to give your prayers?"

Charles was obviously irritated at his interjection, but he tried to maintain his composure, "Mr. William, why are you here?"

William answered, "I am here to visit an old friend. It's a coincidence to bump into you here."

Then, he turned his attention to the tombstone in front of Stella and studied the woman with a smiling face, "Who is this person?"

Charles had a distant look in his eyes, "It's my wife."

"So it's Mrs. Steward. Sorry for not being able to recognize at first glance."

Charles waved his hands dismissively, "You don't have to bother yourself with me, Mr. William."

William slightly nodded before greeting Stella in the process. Then, he continued to walk forward.

Immediately after that, Charles' subordinate who was waiting outside hurried over and whispered something into Charles' ears. His face immediately became ugly.

Charles glanced at Stella and sounded hesitant, but in the end he said abruptly, "I have some matter to attend to, so I need to go now. You can remain here and accompany her."

After saying that, Charles left in big strides.

When he reached the door, he turned around and stole a glance before giving his subordinate an instruction, "Keep an eye on them."

Stella continued to stand rooted to the spot as she looked like she was in a trance, her eyes glued to the photograph on the tombstone.

Only after some time did William's voice break the silence, "Ms. Radomil."

Stella returned to her senses, "Mr. William."

William flashed a smile as he nodded in her direction, his eyes continued to fix themselves on the tombstone, his thoughts unfathomable. After some time, he continued, "Ms. Radomil, you resemble your mother a lot."

Stella replied, "I can't remember her face anymore. Every time I see the photos, memories would come back to me little by little, but everything is like a dream, fleeting and temporary."

Because of this, every time she laid eyes on her mother's photos, for her she was only looking at a stranger's face.

William continued, "You will remember her one day."

Stella drooped her head and then she regained her composure and raised her head again, "Mr. William, are you doing visiting your old friend?"

"I am done. Our meeting is such a coincidence today. If I know that Mrs. Steward's grave is in this place too, I would have come sooner."

Stella simply laughed, "You don't have to trouble yourself. We still can't be fully sure who is actually buried here."

Upon hearing that, William simply glanced inquisitively at her but he said nothing.

He then said, "Shall we leave now, Ms. Radomil?"

Stella nodded, "Yes."

After leaving the cemetery, William was about to offer to send Stella away but he was interrupted by Charles' subordinate who hurried over, "Ms. Radomil, the car is parked just right there."

It seemed that Charles was good at keeping up appearances. He didn't just leave her here alone.

Stella told William, "Mr. William, then I will take my leave now."

"See you again."

Stella instructed the driver to send her back to her workshop.

When the subordinate finished sending her back, he returned to the Steward family house.

Charles was sitting coolly in the study as he asked with an indifferent face, "What did they say to each other?"

The subordinate repeated what he had heard in the cemetery to him.

Charles frowned and mulled over those words and found that their conversation was nothing out of the ordinary. It was a normal conversation.

The subordinate asked, "Master, are you suspecting Stella for summoning William there?"

Charles answered, "There is no way she suddenly would learn of those things from the past. And based on her tone, it seems that she is sure of my identity."

"Then, why did you..."

"If things escalate at this juncture, things would only get worse and more bothersome." Charles narrowed his eyes, "Furthermore, there is still that Clarence behind her."

Charles knew that the most pivotal thing here was to prevent more secrets of the Steward family from spreading out. If that were to happen, the whole Steward family would encounter a destructive consequences. By then, he wouldn't be able to remedy things by just pushing out two of his high-ranking officials to be the scapegoat.

Stella was the best choice here. Since she had presented herself to him willingly, then she couldn't blame him for what was about to happen next.

The subordinate continued his report, "However, I didn't get anything substantial out of William's side after some investigation. I think you should..."

"The key thing here is that everything seems to be normal on his side." Charles clicked his tongue, "There is no way he didn't hide anything dirty or employ any unscrupulous means for someone who was able to expand his company to that size. Even for Clarence, in his competition with Dempsey Conrad, he had vanquished many of those in the party opposing him. As for William, with nobody backing him, he is able to sit comfortably on top of his position today. Do you think that's possible?"

The reason Charles had agreed to this collaboration was because for one thing, he acknowledged the potential of William's company, and another thing was to show those who were eying the Steward Group that everything was fine and their projects were all going on according to date. Of course, he was also doing this to test William."

After a while, Charles continued, "Go look into that friend he has visited today. Tell me what kind of identity that person has, and also tell me if you can't get any information too."

His subordinate nodded in agreement before leaving.

The door of the study was shut again. Charles took out the pocket watch from his drawer, and there was something cold about his expression now.

He was able to brave through such a close call last time and achieved what he had today. How could he allow those unscrupulous people to snatch everything away from him now?

...

At night, Stella received an e-mail from the organizer.

The title for contention had just been revealed.

“Confession.”

The requirement was to construct something touching and romantic yet at the same time straightforward and simple.

It was not a difficult topic. The strength of the outcome would depend on the designer’s understanding and strength.

The duration of competition would be one week. Besides the final graphic, the designer also had to construct the scene in the image, and then he or she had to send everything to a location designated by the organizer at seven o’clock, one week from now.

There wasn’t much time left for her although it was a one-week deadline.

All Stella could think about was the encounter in the cemetery this afternoon. She couldn’t focus on her design, and she didn’t have any inspiration at the moment.

By the time she raised her head and rubbed her eyes, it was already dark out there. The sky was drizzling now.

Perhaps this was because of late spring coldness, as the weather was cold in the past two days.

Stella stood up to get herself some water.

Chapter 339-In the studio, Clarence was sitting on the sofa, working on his documents.

Stella poured him a glass of water and walked to him, "Mr. Conrad, this has become another office of yours. Why don't you just move in?"

Clarence raised his eyebrows, "May I really move in?"

"Nope."

Clarence closed the document, looking up at her, and asked, "How much longer will it take you?"

Stella slightly pressed her lips, "I don't know."

She had no inspiration at all right now.

Probably she would stay here overnight instead of going home.

Clarence looked at her worried face and figured out what happened. He asked, "Have you received the requirements of the contest?"

Stella sat on the couch next to him and hummed absentmindedly.

"Tell me about them."

Stella looked at him, "Mr. Conrad, don't you know anything about it?"

Clarence curled up his lips, "Conrad Group is just the sponsor of the contest. Why would I need to care about other things? If I did know the details, others might speak ill of you. You would be negatively impacted."

Since Modesty had said that Stella could achieve her goals all because of Clarence, others might also think so although they never spoke it out.

Once Clarence got to know the requirement in advance, even he hadn't told her anything, people would talk about it.

Stella curled her lips. Much to her surprise, the wretched man was quite careful this time.

Clarence stretched his arms on the back of the sofa casually. He loosened his necktie as if he was waiting for her answer.

Stella slowly answered, "The love confession."

Clarence slightly raised his eyebrows as if he didn't quite understand it.

She added, "That's the only title of this contest."

"Why are you so worried then?" Before Stella answered, he continued, "Is it because nobody ever has confessed his love to you before?"

Stella was speechless.

She wondered what kind of nonsense the wretched man was talking about.

Clarence slightly moved, bent over in front of her, and stared at her with his black eyes. He said slowly, "Have you received a lot of confession letters before?"

Under his direct gaze, Stella felt a sense of guilt. She retorted, "Well...You sound as if you had never been confessed to before. Haven't you receive any?"

After finishing her words, Stella regretted it somehow.

Their conversation wasn't like a quarrel between two pupils but also as a competition of jealousy between them.

Stella's ears blushed. She wasn't in the mood to continue talking to him, so she stood up and walked towards the office, "I'll continue thinking about my design draft. Mr. Conrad, you can go home if you don't have anything to do."

Clarence pulled her wrist and said, "Why are you rushing? You don't have any inspiration yet, do you?"

Stella was shocked.

How did he know?

Clarence said, "If you are inspired, you wouldn't be at the edge of losing your temper."

Stella inhaled deeply, "I see."

It made sense.

She was quite annoyed because she lacked inspiration.

Clarence continued, "I know what your problem is."

Upon hearing it, Stella looked at him in confusion as if she was waiting for him to give her a good answer.

Under her gaze, Clarence said calmly, "As a designer, you haven't truly understood the title of the contest yet. How could you have the inspiration? When you were designing 'First Love', you experienced it before, didn't you?"

Stella frowned. For some reason, she was kind of convinced by him.

Clarence added, "Hence if you want to get the inspiration, you should confess your love to someone for real. As for the man you will confess to, I might be able to take this difficult task."

Stella choked up.

She had thought that the wretched man might give her a convincing reason, but much to her surprise, that was his purpose.

Stella parted her lips and wanted to say something, but when the words reached the tip of her tongue, she stopped.

For the matter of love confession, she had never spoken it out before.

In the past, although Horace and she had crushes on each other, they didn't take the last step to confess, let alone when she was together with Clarence.

However, the wretched man always flirted with her. He had never confessed his love to her seriously either.

The love confession seemed to be quite far away from them all.

It was something that one could do when he or she was just in love with someone wholeheartedly, at the best age and under the most suitable circumstance.

Otherwise, it would be quite awkward.

For some reason, it seemed after people reached a certain age, they would feel it hard to express their love to others.

Stella wondered if the love confession only worked at the beginning of love.

She denied it immediately.

On the contrary, the love confession should happen to all lovers who were in deep love.

Suddenly, Stella was inspired. She pulled Clarence's hand away, "I'm going to draw my draft. Hurry up and go home."

Clarence was speechless.

Looking at his empty hands, he licked his thin lips gently.

After Stella walked into her office, she was immersed in her inspiration and thoughts, drawing the draft quickly.

When she finally stopped drawing and stretched, she found it was already two o'clock in the early morning.

Since she was highly inspired now, Stella didn't want to go home. Hence, she decided to make the end-product as well.

When she moved her neck and was about to go back to work, she heard a few knocks on the door, "Come out and eat something."

Stella was taken aback, seemingly Clarence was still there.

She walked over to open the door and looked at the man outside, "Mr. Conrad, why are you..."

Clarence answered with one of his hands in the pocket, "I can't sleep alone."

Stella's eyelids twitched. She decided not to echo him.

Bypassing Clarence, she saw a lot of food on the tea table. She hadn't paid attention when she was busy drawing earlier. It wasn't until now did she realize that she hadn't had dinner yet.

Stella walked over and sat on the sofa. Looking at the warm dishes, she couldn't help drooling.

Then she also saw the insulation pail and asked in confusion, "How come there's also soup?"

Clarence sat next to her, "Don't you like it?"

Stella looked into the soup, only to find it was a fish soup with the cordate houttuynia.

She asked, "Did Alisa make it?"

As she spoke, she took a sip. Then she couldn't help frowning.

Clarence asked, "What's wrong?"

"The taste..."

Stella took another sip and looked at Clarence in uncertainty, "Are you sure it was cooked by Alisa?"

"Or what?"

"It tastes like the soup made by Ms. Anderson."

"Does it?" Clarence took the spoon from her hand and took a sip, "It tastes the same. A kind of herb has been added when cooking. Doesn't it taste the same?"

Stella asked, "If you are provided with those ingredients, can you make it?"

Clarence was rendered speechless.

However, Stella thought what the wretched man said made sense. In the past, when she still stayed in Starry Lake Mansion, she also discussed Ms. Anderson's recipe for making the fish soup with Alisa.

Once the cordate houttuynia is put in when cooking the fish soup, the soup would become quite fresh and stickier.

Stella guessed that probably she had overthought.

Chapter 340-After eating, Stella felt so cozy, which she hadn't felt so in the past few days.

Seeing that, Clarence asked, "Didn't the Steward family feed you?"

Stella nestled on the sofa, "I don't want to have meals with them at the same table. Otherwise, I'm afraid I would get the stomachache."

In the past few days since she moved into the Steward's, she basically had breakfast in the studio and went back after dinner.

She felt quite uncomfortable when staying with them in the same house, let alone having meals with them.

It would be worse than putting to death by dismembering the body.

Thinking of that, Stella said, "I love Alisa's cooking so much. It's far better than the takeout."

Clarence said indifferently, "When you moved back, you can eat her dishes every day."

Stella coughed, knowing what was in the wretched man's mind. She didn't follow the same topic. Instead, she said, "By the way, Charles Steward took me to the cemetery today, asking me to worship his late wife..."

"Did you worship her?"

"Nope. Guess whom I met there."

Clarence asked, "Who?"

Stella answered, "William. What a coincidence. His friend's graveyard was there as well."

Clarence echoed casually, "That's a coincidence truly."

"I feel that William looks as if he has a lot of secrets." Stella thought for a moment and then continued, "Since he is a businessman, he should know the current status of Steward Group clearly. But he chose to cooperate with Steward Group at this moment. I guess either he wanted to work with them for the time being to enlarge his company's market, making Steward Group his stepping stone, or..."

Clarence's eyes were darkened. Gazing at her, he asked, "Or what?"

Stella shook her head, "Nothing."

She just had an idea suddenly – William also targeted Charles Steward.

For some reason, she also sensed that he might have something to do with Daniel.

However, the next second, she felt her thoughts way too ridiculous.

When she was lost in thought, Clarence flicked her forehead with his fingers, "Have you done your job? Why are you worried about others?"

Stella rubbed her forehead, looking at him unhappily. Then she wanted to send him away, "You should go home!"

Clarence asked, "Do you still want to continue with your draft?"

"Of course. Haven't I told you before? When I have the inspiration, usually I won't sleep at night..."

"Is your inspiration more important than your health?"

Before Stella could retort him, Clarence pulled her into his arms.

Pressing his chin on her head, he whispered, "Don't move. Sleep with me for a while."

She heard the unconcealed tiredness in his voice.

Stella pressed her lips and decide to go to bed.

She had finished drawing the draft anyway. It would be much easier for her to do the end-product draft.

Probably she was full, Stella felt sleepy at this moment as well. She yawned and slowly closed her eyes.

Before she almost fell asleep, Clarence's voice rang out again, "If you are free in recent two days, you can tentatively ask Charles Steward about one thing."

Stella thought that he wanted to ask her to do something important, so she sobered up immediately, "What is it?"

Clarence continued slowly, "How high the possibility would be if I moved in the Steward's and stayed with you."

Stella was speechless.

She wished that she could open the wretched man's skull to see what was in there.

Pushing away Clarence, she said crossly, "I believe the possibility that you'll be beaten to death is pretty high. Mr. Conrad, if you don't believe it, just try it."

"So miserable?"

"Or what? Mr. Conrad, do you expect that Charles Steward will invite you to move in through a ceremony?"

Clarence looked at her with his black eyes, slightly raising his eyebrows, "When do you plan to let me take you home through a ceremony?"

Stella was silent. He kept talking about something that she didn't want to discuss with him.

She closed her eyes, "Just sleep."

Finally, Clarence didn't speak again.

In a daze, Stella felt that her waist was wrapped by him gently.

They slept rarely soundly.

...

The next morning, when Sherry arrived at the door of the studio, she saw the female employees were waiting at the door. They hesitated but didn't get in.

Sherry asked, "What happened? Didn't you bring the key?"

As she spoke, she was about to walk in. A girl pulled her to stop and hinted at her to keep quiet. Then she pointed towards the inside.

Sherry followed her finger and gaped. What a scene!

She coughed and sent the girls away, "It's still early. You haven't had breakfast yet, have you? Go grab something to eat. It's all on me. You can eat whatever you want. Remember to bring me a takeout."

After the girls were gone, Sherry immediately pulled out her cell phone to dial Stella's number.

However, Stella had left her phone in the office and forgotten to take it out. Besides, she muted it last night.

Sherry was so helpless, wondering how come they could sleep so soundly.

She stood in front of the window, knocking on the glass.

When Stella woke up, she felt her neck ached. If she had known it, she wouldn't have fallen asleep here.

When she looked up, she happened to meet Sherry's enlightened eyes outside the window.

Stella was shocked.

After being startled for several seconds, suddenly she realized where she was. Immediately, she stood up from the sofa.

Clarence was also woken up by her movement.

Sherry saw that they both were awake, so she went to a corner, waiting.

Hence, Stella wouldn't feel too embarrassed.

After the chaotic morning, Clarence left the studio.

Noticing the girls' ambiguous gazes, Stella felt so regretful.

However, much to her surprise, since she didn't go home last night, Charles called her. He was checking if she was doing all right.

As soon as she hung up the phone, Sherry, who just entered, couldn't help but click her tongue, "I didn't expect he's so good at putting on an act. No wonder he's Phoebe Steward's father."

Stella curled up her lips slightly. She asked, "What's up?"

Sherry put a pile of drafts in front of her, "These are all the samples for the small accessories of our studio. Please check if there's any problem. If not, I'll send them to the factory for the production."

Stella went through them, "There's no problem. By the way, I also sent them a few customized drafts over. They should have finished the production. Could you please bring them back as well?"

"Sure," Sherry answered. Suddenly, she added, "I almost forgot. Daniel came to find you last night."

Stella was confused, "Daniel? What did he say?"

Thinking about the scene last night, Sherry couldn't help but curl her lips, "He said some messy things. Then I told him where Phoebe Steward's father had taken you to yesterday. He was extremely nervous as if he was afraid that I don't know that's his future father-in-law."

Stella realized that Daniel had known that Charles and she went out.

The thought that flashed through her mind last night appeared in her mind again.

Seeing that Stella was lost in thought, Sherry reached out and waved in front of her, "Stella, what are you thinking about?"